

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1875 by J. C. WALKER, Publisher and Proprietor, in the City of the Librarian of Congress at Washington. All Rights reserved.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV.

No. 757. WALKER, No. 757. WALKER, No. 757. WALKER, No. 757.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

Three Dollars a Year.

No. 28.

## THE SPIRIT OF POVERTY.

BY ELIZA COLE.

Oh, I am queen of a ghastly court,  
And tyrant over a wretched sort.  
Railing at those who for my royal sport,  
With the bloodstains of hunger and cold.

My power can change the poorest clay  
From its first and beautiful state,  
Till it bleeds from the face of day,  
Too hideous to be hid.

Oh, I am queen with a despotic rule,  
That craves to the death;  
The laws I deal bear no appeal,  
Though ruthless and unjust.

I dwell in the house, and darken the brain,  
With the might of the demon's will;  
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,  
As I grasp it tighter still.

## GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE LIVES," "THE OUT-  
LAW'S DAUGHTER," "GEMMA ST. ARDEN,"  
"MIDNIGHT LULL," "PRINCE OF PEACE,"  
"POWER AND LOVE," "BONNIE ROVER,"  
"CLARA WILKINSON," "FEMALE  
OFF," "TRAVELER," "PROMISE  
MADE," "PAID REDEMPTION,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

That portion of Philadelphia lying between South and Rittenberg, Fifth and Seventh streets, is mostly composed of low, miserable, dilapidated hovels—for they scarcely deserve the name of dwellings—which are filled to repletion with the poorest, lowest, and most degraded class of human beings—beings, many of them, so far down in the scale of society (if we may use that term in this connection), that the very best of foreign hands would rise in the comparison. It is the very hot-bed of vice, the most hideous in all its many forms—the very sink of pollution and misery, the most loathsome in all their aspects. None live here who can live elsewhere; and many there are here who cannot be said to live at all—but rather who drag on a wretched existence, and die as it were by inches. White and black, male and female, young and old, are here, in some instances, crowded into a cold, damp, slimy, underground apartment, a den in a place not large enough to lodge one decently, and really not fit to be used as a dog-kennel. Murderers, robbers, house-breakers, thieves of every description, and convicts just released from our penitentiaries, here congregate, with others scarce less vile and degraded. Here flourish gambling halls of the lowest order; petty offices, which, with a show of fairness, rob many a poor wretch of the pittance which might have procured bread to save him and his family from immediate starvation; and last, though not least, the most abominable groggeries, where the victims of the vice of drink are lured to destruction by the maddening poison dealt out at a cent a glass.

Such is the passion for strong drinks among this class of our population—who either seek to raise a false courage for some desperate deed, or become oblivious to the cares and troubles which oppress them—that the master-facts who feed out the poison, flourish and wax fat upon the miseries of their fellows, even so rank weeds shoot up from noxious, slimy beds and the foulest excrements.

These groggeries are frequented by both sexes, by all shades of color, and by all ages—for the young are ever ready to follow any example of vice set by their seniors—and here the work of degradation and depravity is carried forward to its most frightful extent. As the maddening poison enters the lips, enters the veins, blazes, and obscures the most vital, sane from them; and then, in close, foul apartments, reeking with fetid breaths and rank tobacco smoke, begins a scene of debauchery, which not infrequently ends in a frightful tragedy, the details of which would make the blood curdle.

Remember, that the stuff sold here, under the names of brandy, gin, etc., cannot, from their price, contain one tincture of pure liquor; but are almost entirely composed of such drugs as will give out a sharp, fiery taste; and are really a compound of poisons so deadly

that the smallest quantity of one taken separately would produce instant death. And this mixture is poured down the callous throats of the poor wretches, till their stomachs warm and burn with the corroding draughts, their blood becomes heated and feverish, their brains begin to reel with delirium, and their worst passions, excited and set in motion, without reason to regulate, run wild with the most fiendish desires. A few more glasses, perhaps, by stupefying all the senses, put them beyond the power of doing harm; but the wretch whose inclination or money stops short of absolute drunkenness, is now let loose upon the street, a howling maniac, and woe to him or her who crosses his reeling path and mad desires!

Go where you will through this locality, and the very dogs of war start up and stare you in the face. On the streets you behold faces pale and haggard from want, with eyes wild and hollow; or faces red and bloated from liquor, with eyes swollen, bloodshot, and bloodshot; forms thin, attenuated, and skeleton-like; or forms rotund and barrel-shaped, which seem to be walking masses of living corruption; and in all cases, matted hair, filthy skins, and dirty, ragged coverings.

Within the noisome hovels so far from being better, it is even fearfully worse. Here, in winter especially, are wretches without food—without fire—without rags, even, in some cases, to cover their nakedness—actually starving and freezing to death. Here infants are born into the world, and forced out of it for the want of the most common necessities of life. Here drunken husbands beat their wives, drunken mothers beat their children, while depraved and drunken children sometimes return the blows and beat one another. Here cracked voices, hoarse from untimely exposure and the unhealthy damps in which they live, give forth no words but those of obscenity and blasphemy. Here murders are committed which never see the light, and deeds are done which the choicest pen cannot record. Here disease takes hold of its victims, and runs riot, and leaves its most disgusting aspects in its train.

Appropriately has this locality been named the "Infected District," and those who wish to compare the contagious diseases of the city, should begin by planting their sanitary and medical batteries so as to take this inhuman spot.

What enjoyment has life in those awful dens to compensate for the pains and miseries which attend it? And yet most of these beings cling to it as tenaciously as if there were no other and better state of existence. Another and better state of existence, do we say? Alas! they know of no other—they scarcely hope for another. They have no hope beyond the present. They know nothing of the consolation of the true Christian. They do not know that such

a being on God's earth—his holy spirit is only used as a by-word for emphatic affirmation or frightful malediction. They may have their superstitions of a something after death; but they are vague, undefined, irrational, the offspring of ignorance and fear. They have no books—they could not read if they had—and if they have any time unemployed, they drink themselves drunk to get rid of it.

We think we hear some honest individual exclaim: "This is all very shocking, but not true—it really exists only in the imagination of the writer. What! Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love—with her broad, clean, rectangular streets, her splendid mansions, her stately edifices, her lofty churches, and her other, moral, philanthropic population, to contain within her limits such a plague spot as this? Impossible!"

Nay, sir, we tell you that what we have stated is true—but must at the same time tell you, that not a hundredth part of the truth has been stated—nor, will it be, even when this work shall have passed from our hands.

We do not ask you to believe us, if you will only take the trouble to ascertain the truth for yourselves. We have named the locality, and we invite you to visit it, and prove our statements right or wrong. Doubtless good would result from your visit; for if you have a heavy purse and a feeling heart—if you are one who desires to see your fellow happy rather than miserable—if, in short, you are a Christian, after the order of Christ, you will do something to aid the few philanthropic hearts, who have, blessed them! already begun the work of reformation in this vile quarter.

## CHAPTER I.

THE FRIENDLESS BEGAR.

It was Christmas Eve, that happy period for the young who have parents above the wants and miseries of grinding poverty, and notwithstanding a heavy snow was falling, the streets of the goodly city of Philadelphia were thronged with joyous citizens, many of them returning to their cheerful firesides, loaded with toys, which were to greet the eyes of the happy children, when they should awake on the morrow, as the mysterious presents of Father St. Nicholas. It was a gala time to all but the homeless and destitute; and, alas! there are too many such, who, with fevered eyes, one only look upon the happiness of others through that deep veil of hopeless gloom which shuts out every cheerful ray. To such poor wretches it was a time of open mockery, for they keenly felt that but one title of what was now so freely spent for foolish toys would have provided them against the pangs of starvation and death.

The streets were thronged with happy citizens, going to and fro, on that snowy Christmas Eve, which comes on story. But there was one abroad, in one of the main thoroughfares, who, like our Master of old, knew not where to lay her head. This was a mere child—a little girl of perhaps ten years of age—who, thirty

years, almost barefoot, was standing alone, with tearful eyes and pitiful look, unconscious whether her steps were tending—nor caring, so she might find some good Samaritan who would shelter her for the night and give her food. More than once she was rudely jostled and put aside by purple-fronted, anxious passengers; and more than once was her thin dress brushed by rustling silks; yet not once ventured to give her a kind word, or direct one look of sympathy to her sorrowful face. Poor child! May God protect you! for mankind seem to have no bowels of compassion.

At last the poor little thing, weary and discouraged, stopped under a lamp, and looked tremblingly around her. On either side of her was a row of fine dwellings, and she fancied there might be hearts in some of them that would take pity upon her. At this moment a man passed, well buttoned up in a warm overcoat, and catching his eye, and fancying there was something benevolent in the expression, the little girl impulsively made a step forward, and holding out her thin hand and half-naked arm, said, falteringly: "Please, sir, will you give me a trifle?"

Now this man had what is called a kind heart, and had he known how pitifully a little charity was needed, he would have stopped, doubtless, and bestowed upon her a silver coin; but it was snowing; his thickly-padded overcoat was snugly buttoned; and so, making a feint to feel in his pocket, he hurriedly answered: "I have no change, my little girl."

As he passed on, two large, hot tears—for the tears were hot, if the child was cold—rolled down her pale, wan face, and, covering it with her hands, she drew back, and leaned against the lamp-post for support.

While standing thus, the door of a house in front of her was opened, and a gentleman came out upon the steps, and deliberately spread an umbrella, while another appeared just within, holding the door with one hand.

"It is snowing finely," said the first, "and, if it keeps on this way through the night, we shall have fine sleighing to-morrow. By-the-by, deacon, if there should be a good fall of snow, would you like to drive with me out to the Wissahickon?"

"Thank you," answered the other, in a smooth, oily tone, "I should like it very much in the afternoon. In the morning, you know, I must attend to dear service, and put in my mite to aid the poor—did help them, and be so put in my mite for me."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket two half dollars, which he handed to the deacon, who thanked him in the name of the poor, and promised to deposit them, on the day following, in the charity box of the church in which he worshipped.

"Well," continued the one with the umbrella, "should the day be fine, and good sleighing, I will call for you at three o'clock."

"Very well—that will suit—and thank you, too."

"Good night, Deacon Pinchbeck."

"Good night, friend Parker—good night."

The gentleman with the umbrella

walked hastily away, and Deacon Pinchbeck backed in and closed the door. The little girl, whose color of these persons had noticed, and who had heard every word of the conversation reported, thought, simple soul, that the house of such a pious man would be the place to seek charity, and so, after some trembling and ringings, she summoned the resolution which attends despair, ventured up the marble steps, and gave a slight ring. The deacon, who was still in the entry, exchanging some words with his wife, who was upstairs, did not wait for the servant, but answered the bell himself.

"Well," he said, harshly, as his eye fell upon the miserable object who stood trembling before him, partly with cold and partly with fear—for she was not a beggar by profession, and felt very timidly upon her. "What do you want?"

His voice was no longer soft and oily, but more like a file going across the teeth of a saw.

Her features were pretty, but soiled and haggard. She had a straight nose, a prim little mouth, with even, pearly teeth, and gentle, expressive blue eyes. A ragged hood partially covered her head, the hair of which was light, and fell down the sides of her face and neck in disorder, being uncombed and matted. A thin, ragged gown, one sleeve of which was gone above the elbow, with a dragging under-garment, old slipshod shoes, both too large and unclean, and a black, faded, moth-eaten shawl, of small dimensions and coarse stuff, completed her attire. This apology for a shawl she drew around her person, and endeavored to keep her naked arm concealed under it. She was, indeed, an object of striking interest to the true philanthropist.

Marked was the contrast between this poor child of sorrow, and the rich, fat, pious Deacon Pinchbeck, and his hopeful son and heir. The deacon was a man on the shady side of forty, very plump, like one who lives well, but neither tall nor graceful. His face had an oily look; but the expression could be hard and cold enough when he wished. The eyes were a light gray, shrewd, and rather small; the nose short, angular, and turned up at the end; the mouth large and sensual, and the cheeks plump and fleshy. He had sincerely any eyebrows, and his forehead was what some would term intellectual; but it was not so in reality; for the deacon knew very little beyond certain long prayers, certain stereotyped pious sayings, and how to get money and keep it. The forehead, his true, looked well to one who had no idea of the noble science of phrenology. It looked high, because the deacon was a little bald; and it looked oily, because the deacon fed well; but from the base to the crown, it had a very unimmaculate drape, and the place where the organs of reason and benevolence should have been, was so flat that the good man might have set a pall of water there and carried it with very little difficulty. Of course the deacon dressed well, in dark broadcloth; and to look more modestified, if not ministerial, he wore round his neck a white cravat, without collar. He was fawning, and hypocritical to the rich, full of cant to the pious, but a regular tyrant to those whom he could oppress with impunity.

He was of vulgar extraction—of course the fashionable term vulgar. His father was a drunkard, and his mother took to washing. His mother was still living in poverty, which speaks volumes for the baseness of his heart. His early life had been a pedlar; and what with cheating and stealing—for more than once, in buying his wares, he had pilfered from an honest merchant—he had soaped together a sum of money that had enabled him to purchase a grocery. In this business, for ten years, he was so prosperous, owing to false weights, over charges, etc., that at last he sold out, at an enormous profit, and turned usurer. His plan of doing business now was very simple. For instance, he had the money, and you wanted to fact you were so situated that you must have it. Very well. Mr. Abraham Pinchbeck—he was not a deacon in those days—would not charge you any more interest than the law allowed. Oh! no—not a cent. But you could give him your note, with a good endorser, or good real estate security, for a hundred dollars, with interest, payable at six months; and Mr. Pinchbeck would count you down seventy-five dollars. All fair, you see; and if you wanted a larger sum, he could be done at the same rate; sometimes, perhaps, if you were not too much distressed, at a better rate. Well, suppose you gave him a mortgage on your property, and by some misfortune could not meet his demand at the proper time, why, Mr. Pinchbeck could not find it convenient to renew your note; but he would do something better—for himself. He would kindly sell your property for you, secure his debt, and perhaps bid it in for one-half its real value.

In this latter way Mr. Pinchbeck got to owning houses and lands, and then he thought it time to marry. He found a widow who had managed to put two husbands under the turf, and he paid his addresses to her. She was larger than himself, and somewhat older; but she had some property, and very winning ways, and so Mr. Pinchbeck proposed. She knew him to be rich, and she accepted. In private she turned out to be a perfect shrew; but as she always had honeyed words for him in company, this could be borne. Sometimes, in a pet, she boxed his ears, or kicked him out of bed, but as Mr. Pinchbeck generally succeeded in cheating somebody soon after, he put this down to good luck—equivalent to throwing an old shoe after him. He really feared her more than he did his land; but he took care to keep this a secret, and always spoke of her as his dear wife, dear angel, and so forth.

Being at last married and prosperous, and himself with a son, who inherited his mother's temper and his father's conscience, Abraham Pinchbeck thought it would be for his interest to join the church. His wife, who had some idea of respectability and fashion, thought so too; and so they both got religious together—at least they did, at times—and were made members of a church, which had a high steeple, a good sounding bell,



Wait, is it this same section  
call it by any name you will—



## NEWS of INTEREST

## NEWS OF INTEREST

Tax present year began and will end on Friday.

MINNESOTA. Dodge and Fodge are both members of the legislature of a Western state.

EGYPT now exports about 300,000,000 pounds of cotton seed annually.

ALARMING news comes from Balisea, Mexico, where a debuting society has been organized for the purpose of spreading the pest of the United States in the public press of that country.

**THE** Imperial dogs and cats, which are kept for the purpose of destroying rats and mice in the Imperial stables and in the German Empire, are fed at an expense of one thousand five hundred dollars a year.

Two superb bull dragons, valued at eight hundred dollars each, were recently sighted on board a steamer from Europe, and were killed by the coast guards. One in the folds of the dragon was three dozen pairs of kid gloves.

**FARKS** have become an article of considerable export from Japan. A Japanese merchant recently ordered from the United States completed an order for eighty thousand, and twenty-five thousand pieces of costumes for a single American house.

**A** TEN-TON COY. dog, who had been imported from Wyoming Territory and recently arrived at New York, and traveled for five days at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, in Jersey City, for his master, who is expected to arrive at Washington to meet him. The railroad officials finally gave the boy a pass to Washington.

Johnson was born at Newport, Rhode Island, January 11, 1901, and located in Philadelphia in the year 1936, and from that time, until within two years ago, he had been associated with the *Philadelphia Evening Post*, having been the original editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. For well a century or more Mr. Clark was well known and highly respected in the city of Philadelphia, where he resided in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. His numbered among his close and personal friends some of the most prominent men of the country.

CHRISTMAS TREES has decorated Christmas trees. This pie in a jolly English fashion, and very amusing when there are large company of intimate friends. It is made of sweetened apples with gifts and favors, the German tree is decorated, and baked in an enormous wooden tub, decorated with holly berries, gold stars, and gay pictures. It stands in the front of the house, and is the first thing to greet you as you enter the door, and each one is invited to prove the character and worth of the gifts.

**THE FINAL SPIDER.**—Only the final male spider spins webs. They own all the real estate, and the males have to find a vagabond life under stones and in other places. They are also the only ones in the house often as to be killed. About the house often as to be killed the ruling sex, they are mercilessly killed and eaten. The spider's skin is as unyielding as the shells of lobsters and crabs, and is shed from time to time in the same way to accommodate the animal's growth. If you poke over the

It is well known that the English are wonderfully ignorant of American geography. In 1898, when they were in the city of Lord Rensselaer, in a recent speech in London, said that "he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Cienfuegos, but if any one asked him where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice." This remark recalls a similar remark of Mr. Cobden. "Those men," said Cobden, speaking of English men

these men know where the Illinois is but they know nothing of the Mississippi (it was twenty years ago). "You see," the Mississippi could not all the natives of Europe upon its bosom, and I would use half a day to find Illinois when I was in Athens, and then I only found the bend of the river. Half a dozen watermen had damned up the Illinois to wash their clothes."

**CHINESE'S BOAT.**—The unlamented loss of an oblong pine box, curiously adorned with Chinese hieroglyphics, from the western bound train at Sacramento recently, excited no little curiosity, the gratification of which brought out the

For less than the remains of disease-stricken Chinese, promiscuously thrown together and boxed up for reshipment to the Flower Kingdom. This lot was made up of the Utes and Chinese of Ah Ching, Sacramento. Considerable number of these boxes, well filled, are gathered here to make a respectable invoice; they are forwarded to the proper agent in San Francisco, and thence to their destination. It is said to be one of the most sacred obligations of companies who import coolies, to return them, dead or alive, to their native land; and it is curious to note with what zeal the remains are brought out, even to the most remote localities where they are known.

MATRIMONY IN Michigan seems to be  
seem the exhilarating game of pos-  
sible. A susceptible gentleman  
who has been having some affairs  
of the heart, is now being told by  
where than in the existing period of  
joys and sorrows, and being conditionally  
accepted by the new object of his adora-  
tion, at once institutes proceedings to  
divorce; but, brief as is the form of  
that purpose in Michigan, his second in-  
tended was in too great a hurry to wait  
and married another sailor on the very  
day that his former bonds were ac-  
cured. Thus fortuitous in his progress  
change of mate, he mutually tried  
run back to the woman he had just re-  
fused and hastened home with the view of  
resuming relations with the view of

stopped in, and she, too, was provided with another husband. So now a doubly disappointed player is, metaphorically speaking, standing in the middle of the community watching some neighbor to leave his wife married for a few minutes.

















with white lips. "I would rather you had stayed in to the funeral."

"You do love me, you can love me after knowing the shameful truth!" he cried, eagerly.

"I could not despise his life,"

"Would to God I could cast you from me by my heart, Nora. But this is impossible."

She uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Douglas, Douglas, tender and true, I have been waiting for you, I have waited for you, I have waited for you," she cried, and she held out her hands to him.

"Let the marriage go on, my love, she pleaded. "If you can forgive the severity of which I have been guilty, I forgive you."

"Do you wish it?"

"Do I wish it?" she asked, burning blushes chasing each other over her cheeks. "Is it possible you have changed your mind, as to this?"

"I would have said, 'No' to this," she said.

"Then you aren't wholly indiffer-  
ent?" she murmured.  
"Indifferent? No. I love you fondly  
devotedly. I can read my own heart  
clearly in this hour of trial. If my wife  
were ever free to be in the world, it is dis-  
tinctly for ever and ever, I think,  
you were to give me up."  
A flash of joyful surprise overcame  
Major Vaughn's face.  
"And this other man—this villain  
who has seduced your love—"  
"Do not speak of his again," she in-  
terrupted, with a quick shudder.  
"Then why did you make this con-  
fession?"  
"Because," her bright eyes looked  
steadfastly into his own, "because I'm  
not bad enough to presume to love a  
honor man, while you were ignorant  
of his guilt."

"Encourage," he said, and bending forward, he kissed her lips and cheek and his hand stroked his old ancestor's. "My darling, you, who that is to be, all is forgiven, forgotten. Henceforth, there shall be no secrets between us."

He turned her out, asking not another word of explanation, and led her through the vestibule into the dim splendor of the chapel, where a priest stood robed and ready.

The ceremony was very brief. With it was all over, bride and groom, returning to their seats in the carriage, which was driven at once to the nearest railway terminus.

A few very few passed between the two. The first, and with his arms crossed,

about Nora's waist, his heart beat deliciously. The fascination this was exercised upon him was something new for him. Already he had well known the appeal that had promised to obscure his joy.

His whole face glowed with grateful happiness. She was his, his own, perfect creature, and his felt contentment was the sweetest, and lived only in brilliant future.

"Where do you wish to go, for next two or three weeks," he asked, sending over the drooping head of his boat and promising his lips to her forehead.

"Anywhere," she answered, listlessly. "Then we will go to some neighboring city to-night. From thence, I will grab my own trunk to be forwarded, and we will wait until it arrives."

They reached the depot just as the Major Vaughn hastily procured tickets for himself and his baggage. The carriage when the bell rang, and train began to move slowly from building.

At this instant suddenly came God's long platform. It was God Vaughn. He glided in at the car doors as he ran along, and presently came encountered Major Vaughn. None.

"With a great cry he bounded to the car platform," he shouted, "creature is a vile adventures! Look speak with you. I must speak with creature."

He made a futile attempt to gain car in which they were seated. In too late. An official, standing on steps, pushed him off, half angrily.

**THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.**—Among the most painful things in human experience are those self-accusations that arise when we have lost a friend, we recall the

toward his friendliness, we feel that  
 his constancy of regard is beyond  
 doubt, and the seal put upon his  
 we bear a load of unattainable  
 which we cannot discharge to his

---

If we would arrive at real greatness  
 seal, we should consider that the  
 the wrong; in the nobler it is to per-  
 it; the more justifiable reason  
 would prove, so much the more  
 there is in economy.

---

This mind has a certain vegetative  
 power, which cannot be wholly tamed  
 it is not laid out and cultivated in  
 beautiful garden, it will of itself  
 quickly up in weeds or flowers of  
 growth.











